

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER XLIII.—GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

THE day for the entrance of the judges into Thornbury, and the opening of the assizes there, arrived. Mark had gone up to the county-town to be in readiness to surrender himself to stand his trial. Thornbury is a town so far inland, and so removed from the busy centres of commerce, that there have been few changes in it since the beginning of the century. Mark had no other acquaintance in it but Mr.

Appleby, and after he had secured a room at an inn, he rambled about the old-fashioned streets, and gazed at the exterior of the locked-up churches, after the fashion of any other solitary traveller, who finds himself in a strange town which he has never visited before. But Mark could scarcely have told what he had seen, though his mind was calm and almost cheerful, and he walked the streets with no downcast or shame-faced mien. A flight of broad stone steps ascending from one of the principal streets invited him in his unoccupied mood to mount them,

and he found himself on a high but narrow path lying under the walls of an old castle, and overlooking the space in front of the railway-station. A train of carriages and an escort of trumpeters and javelin-men were drawn up in it, waiting the arrival of the judges, but he did not tarry to see them. He rambled on through a covered bridge, crossing over the station, which ended in a large, broad, breezy hill, with a fine view of the landscape around. But before Mark's eyes there rose a vast square structure, with massive walls, and closely-barred gates, through which could be seen a melancholy-looking house in front, with a series of buildings in the rear, whose character could not be mistaken. Mark's feet had carried him unwittingly towards the county jail, his home for the next two years; and he felt as if some vital principle of his nature shrank with a keen pang, and clasped his heart as with an iron hand. This was his last day of freedom.

He stood in front of the heavy portals, and lifted his hat from his head to let the fresh, free breeze lay its cooling touch upon his forehead. It was but for a minute that the pulses throbbed feverishly in his temples; and then he examined his future abode curiously. In a niche above the arch of the gateway was a bust of Howard, stained grey and green by the influences of the atmosphere, and staring down but stonily upon the wretches to whom the gates beneath him were thrown open. The governor's residence within the court looked trim and gloomy, yet a child's toys were strewn about the grass-plot before it. Mark wondered if he should ever see a child, or hear a child's voice during the long, harsh, monotonous months of his imprisonment there; and almost with tears in his eyes he turned to watch a little group of ragged children, who were playing with bits of broken glass and brick in an angle of the jail walls. As soon as they perceived themselves objects of interest to him, they gathered round him begging clamorously for halfpence, and not all Mark's principles of social economy could harden his heart against this last childish appeal for alms. He might not have the power to give again for a long time to come; and he changed a shilling for coppers in the porch of the jail entrance, feeling a curious sense of proprietorship in the official in waiting there, and then he distributed the pence among the little beggars, and, half-ashamed of himself, retraced his steps along the path under the castle walls.

The carriages and the javelin-men were still drawn up in the station-yard below, with a small crowd about them; and Mark suddenly made up his mind to go down and meet the judges, who possessed a greater interest for him than any judge had ever done before. He might have encountered some difficulty in penetrating to the station platform, from which the crowd was excluded, had he not met with Mr. Appleby in the yard, for whom the javelin-men and police made way readily. The train was already some minutes behind time, and the officials were waiting for its arrival impatiently. Mr. Appleby said little, but promised to point out the two judges to Mark as they alighted from their carriage. A sort of sober thrill of excitement ran through the little group as the train came up, and everybody rushed to the end where the judges were supposed to be, except Mr. Appleby, who caught Mark by the arm, and proceeded to open a carriage-door near to them. To Mark's intense astonishment Barry descended from it, accompanied by Mrs. Crichton,

and greeted him with an inexpressible warmth of affection.

"I did not want you to know, dear Mark," she said, holding his hand fondly on hers, "and I told Mr. Appleby to keep it a secret, at least till this evening. My father was coming with me, but he became so excited and poorly, that I persuaded him to stay at home; especially as Mrs. Crichton was bent upon coming down to Thornbury. Did you think you would have no friend to stand by you to-morrow, Mark?"

"I did not dream of having you," he answered, in an unsteady voice.

"Oh! but I don't believe everything would go on all right without me," said Barry, with a poor assumption of gaiety; "Mrs. Crichton and I consider it a good omen that we travelled with the judges. I wish we could have been in the same carriage, and have told them all about you. One of them is own cousin to Mrs. Crichton. They would have let you off altogether."

"They could not do that," replied Mark, smiling. Barry's voice had, for his ear, so brave and cheery a tone, that he could not feel dispirited or foreboding in her presence. Mr. Appleby, who had run off, like the rest, to witness the judges' procession start, now returned to the platform, and found Mark's face the brightest and happiest he had looked upon that day. Barry introduced him to Mrs. Crichton as Mark's lawyer.

"I was directed by Mrs. Appleby," he said, "to take Miss Lloyd direct to her, and to invite Mr. Fletcher to dine with us at six. We shall be very glad if you will fall in with our arrangements, Mrs. Crichton."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so," answered Mrs. Crichton, graciously. She had stood aside, smiling with complacency at Mark and Barry, and their forgetfulness of herself; and now she gave Mark a warm, hearty grasp of the hand, before going away with Mr. Appleby. Mark watched them drive off, catching a last glimpse of Barry's face as she leaned forward to look at him, not with a smile, but with an expression of such deep, unconscious anxiety, as awoke again the restless and unquiet apprehensions of his imprisonment, which he had forgotten during the last few minutes. He walked slowly back to his inn to dress for dinner, and then sauntered in the direction of Mr. Appleby's house. A church clock near at hand chimed half-past five as he rang the door-bell; but, as he had expected, Barry was ready for his early arrival, and he found himself once more in her presence, with her pleasant voice sounding in his ear, and her sweet face looking frankly into his own. He felt heart-sick at the thought that for two years perhaps he might hear her voice, and see her face, no more.

"I have just been telling Miss Lloyd," said Mr. Appleby, "that you are still obstinate in your determination to plead 'Guilty' to the charge against you."

"How can I do otherwise?" asked Mark, looking into Barry's eyes for an answer, "I did destroy the will, and I have owned it over and over again. It is chiefly on my own confession that the trustees of Capel Coed are able to prosecute me. You cannot convince me that it would be either right or wise to plead 'Not Guilty.'"

"But it means no more than that you wish to be put upon your trial," answered the lawyer, "in order

that any extenuating circumstances may be brought to bear upon the jury in your favour."

"There is no proof of any extenuating circumstances," replied Mark, despondingly, "you have no witnesses except Nanny and Clough, who can only swear to the fact that they signed the will. No man on earth knows what was in that will except myself; and you have nothing but my word to go upon. Mr. Lloyd's letter to the trustees goes against the truth of my statement, instead of for it. He says explicitly that he has bequeathed the sum of £500 to the chapel by will. I say it was only bequeathed in the secret trust. It would be damaging to my own cause and character to plead a falsehood."

"No falsehood," corrected Mr. Appleby; "a legal fiction, if you like to call it so, but no falsehood. So long as a prisoner cannot have the benefit of a trial if he plead guilty, so long it will be necessary for the ends of justice that he should plead not guilty."

"Then it is high time the law was altered," answered Mark.

"But, Mark," said Barry, imploringly, "Mr. Appleby has consulted with Mr. Sargent, the barrister, who will defend you if you will only plead not guilty, and he says, by all means you ought to do so, or you may expect the extreme penalty. For how is the judge to know that you did it for our sakes, and that you reaped no benefit from your act yourself? Or that all my uncle's property was in land, and could not be left to charities? Do you not know that for doing what you did for us you might be punished with penal servitude for any number of years not less than three? The judge is a hard man, they say; and may take the very worst view of your case. Oh, Mark! for my sake, consent to do what everybody else does."

"My dear girl," answered Mark, sadly, "don't you see that all you have to rely upon is my single word that the will and the secret trust were what I say they were? If I stood up with a solemn lie in my lips—for I am guilty of the charge brought against me—how could you, or the judge either, believe in my word? Fiction or no fiction, at any rate in my case it would be a falsehood; and unless the judge himself, in open court, and knowing all the circumstances of my case beforehand, recommended me to plead not guilty, I would never consent to do it."

"A wilful man must have his way," said Mrs. Crichton, who had entered the room just as Mark began his earnest speech. "I like you all the better for what you say, Mark Fletcher; it bears out what I have heard of you in former times. But you must pay the penalty for your scruples. It is all very noble, I know, but—"

"It is very simple," interrupted Mark eagerly. "Do you not see that you are compelled to take my word for it that the estate was left without limitation or condition to myself; and many of you do take my word implicitly, because you take me for a man incapable of any kind of lie. Now, if I stood up in a court of justice, at the gravest moment of my life, with a lie upon my lips, what would you think of me in your heart of hearts? Do not argue with me any more, Mr. Appleby; and do not look so sorrowfully at me, Barry. My case is somewhat different to most. I have absolutely no means of proving what I assert in justification of my deed; and therefore I cannot afford to indulge in any legal fiction,

however harmless. I must plead guilty of destroying the will."

"But if the judge himself should advise you otherwise?" suggested Barry.

"I cannot say," answered Mark, hesitatingly. "He is the dispenser of justice; and if he, knowing all, bade me employ the fiction as a means of assisting him to dispense justice, I am not so headstrong as to run counter to the judgment of everybody. But I don't see how he can know beforehand all the circumstances of the case."

"Would you not like to see Mr. Sargent yourself?" asked Mrs. Crichton, with a fine air of diplomacy upon her handsome face.

"It would be of no use," said Mark. "No, no; let us leave the matter as it is, and try to think no more of it for this last evening."

"But I should like to see him!" cried Barry. "Could it be done, Mr. Appleby? Do you know where to find Mr. Sargent? And would he condescend to listen to what a girl like me might have to tell him?"

"It shall be done, my dear," answered Mrs. Crichton, "and I will go with you immediately after dinner. Mr. Appleby, I wish to have a word or two with you."

They retired to the farther end of the room, and engaged in an earnest consultation, which seemed to end satisfactorily to both. A little before eight o'clock Mr. Appleby's carriage was announced, and Mrs. Crichton and Barry left Mark for a while, Mrs. Crichton bidding him wait till their return, if it should not be before midnight—a needless injunction to Mark. Mr. Appleby accompanied them, and they drove through the quiet streets of Thornbury, but only for a short distance. The carriage stopped at some large iron gates, and Mr. Appleby assisted them to alight, but said, to Barry's astonishment, that he was not going in with them:

CHAPTER XLIV.—ON THE EVE OF THE TRIAL.

THE house which they were about to enter stood within a stone-paved court, in one of the most retired and quiet streets of Thornbury, where several of the dwellings bore hatchments above their doorways, a solemn testimony to the patrician rank of that quarter of the town. It was a respectable and heavy-looking building, with high, narrow casements placed at equal distances across its front. A broad hall divided the house into two equal, and almost detached portions, and opened at the back into a large and pleasant garden, bounded by the river which flows past Thornbury. Altogether the place was unlike the close and dingy lodgings of a barrister upon circuit, and Barry was unconsciously affected by its somewhat stately aspect. In spite of a fresh, cool breeze, which blew in from the garden, rustling the thick waves of her bright hair, there was a legal atmosphere, a heavy, judicial solemnity about the dwelling for which she was quite unprepared; and she followed Mrs. Crichton, with a hushed and slow footfall, to a parlour as spacious and old-fashioned as those at Clunbury Heath House.

Here Mrs. Crichton left her alone for a few minutes, with a scarcely intelligible excuse that it would be well for her to see Mr. Sargent before he had an interview with Barry. She returned presently with a grave, elderly man, a man approaching sixty years of age, who looked keenly at her flushed and ear-

nest face, yet with a smile glimmering through the habitual gravity of his own features. She curtsied reverently, with a new-born veneration for the representative of the law, and trembling lest she should injure Mark's cause by her rash interference. He offered her a chair, but she declined it with a nervous but graceful gesture.

"I do not wish to take up much of your time, Mr. Sargent," she said, looking up deprecatingly into his face. "I am come to speak to you only for a minute or two about Mr. Fletcher, whom we hoped you would defend to-morrow. But Mr. Appleby tells me there will be no opening for a defence, if Mark pleads guilty."

"But why will he persist in pleading guilty?" inquired Mr. Sargent, in severe tones, which riveted Barry's eyes yet more anxiously upon his.

"Because in a strict sense he is guilty," she answered tremulously. "He really did destroy that wretched will. I am sure Mr. Appleby has done his best to explain the whole case to you, but nobody understands it as well as I do, and I wish you would let me tell you all about it."

"Certainly, my dear," he replied, with a hearty friendliness which startled her as much as the previous severity of his tone; "we have a mutual friend, from whom I have heard a little about this Mark Fletcher, and who wishes me to take a special interest in his trial. As if I ought to take any special interest in it!" he added, speaking to Mrs. Crichton.

"But if you knew Mark, you would," said Barry, almost sobbing in her earnestness, "he is so good and true, the best and truest man I have ever known! Let me tell you something about him. He was to have married the only daughter of my uncle Lloyd, but she died; and Mark was like a son ever afterwards to both my uncle and aunt. That was why he was appointed sole executor to the first will, and my uncle said in it that he would have given him an equal share in the estate with us, only Mark had steadily refused to have it so. That first will left everything to us, his brother's children and his only relatives; and as soon as my uncle died, Mr. Appleby, who had made it and taken care of it, sent it at once to Mark. No one had the least idea that there was a later will; and Mark immediately proved it in the district registry here in Thornbury, and as far as possible put us into possession of our inheritance. For we were very poor then, and my father's health and spirits were broken; and I was getting very down-hearted as well. You cannot know what it was to us, being lifted suddenly out of our poverty into more wealth than we expected. It was not till nearly three months after we had taken possession of the Heath House that Mark found the last will, hidden away in a place where it might have remained for years but for me. I will tell you how he came to find it."

Barry paused in her rapid speech, and pushed back her hair from her forehead, looking away from the searching eyes which were fixed upon her to the cool tints of the sky, where the evening star was already shining with a steady and friendly light. She wished it had been a little darker still to screen her from the quiet power of the stranger's gaze.

"You will not understand if I do not tell you all," she continued hurriedly: "my uncle had been a miser, and people told me many stories of hoards of gold hidden up and down in the old house, and they

took such hold upon me that I grew to believe them, and to long to possess more money than had been left to me. For the house was left to me, and I supposed everything in it would be mine. At first the fortune my uncle had given me seemed a very great deal, but it grew less and less in my fancy, till I thought it was not so much after all; and I felt as if I could pull the house down brick by brick, in search after more gold. It made me very miserable and wicked for some days; and at last I told it all to Mark, because he is the best and wisest man I know. He is very patient with anybody who is going wrong; and he promised to make a thorough search for me, while we were at Barmouth, though he did not believe the tales. It was that very same night, while he was examining the old wainscot in his room, which had been my uncle's bedroom, that he found the will, and one bag of gold, in a secret cupboard over the fireplace. It was my uncle's last will, leaving everything to himself, in as short and simple a way as a will could do. But inside the same cover was what they call a secret trust, directing him how to use the money. My uncle wished to leave all he had to charities, and he could not, because most of his property was in land and houses. There was not more than two thousand pounds which he could have left by law to charities. Mark thought of us, how poor we should be, and how we were the rightful heirs, and how happy we were in our new fortunes; and he destroyed the will."

She stopped again, and looked back into the grave, inscrutable face before her, which might have been one of the quaint faces carved in the oaken chimney-piece, for all the change her earnest pleading had produced upon it. Her heart sank as she saw it.

"It is a serious crime," he said, in a deep and harsh voice, "it is a crime which strikes at the security of all bequests and inheritances."

"But your laws forbid a man to bequeath his landed property to charities," pursued Barry, "and this secret trust was to evade the law. It was a foolish will. It left most of his wealth to the Fund for the Cotton Famine in Blackburn and Manchester; and already the bad times are passing away, and there will soon be work enough, and too much, for the mill-hands. Mark had to decide between them and us. Could you have done anything else if you had been in his position? We were dearer to him than any one else in the world; we were like his own brothers and sisters. Could you have crushed down your own dearest ones into hopeless poverty to carry out the provisions of a secret trust?"

Barry fancied she saw a smile flicker across the features, which were becoming indistinct in the twilight; and she heard Mrs. Crichton murmur audibly, "Very good, Barry."

"I am sure you would not," she continued, in an unsteady voice, "if you have a daughter like me or Mab, and boys like my brothers, you could not turn them back to grinding cares, and troubles that were eating away their strength, because an old miser, grown foolish and weak-headed in his old age, wished to buy heaven by cheating them of their inheritance. Could you not defend Mark to-morrow, and get as light a sentence as possible for him? I know he must bear some penalty; but they say the judge is dreadfully severe, and unless the circumstances are placed well before him, he may sentence my poor Mark to penal servitude. Oh, sir! could you not do something for him?"

"Who tells you the judge is very severe?" inquired Mr. Sargent.

"Everybody says so," murmured Barry, wiping away some tears which she could not restrain. "I don't think Mark ought to be punished at all, but I suppose he will be."

"He will meet with compensation sooner or later, I suppose," answered the gentleman.

"I don't know how he can," replied Barry; "if he should only have a short imprisonment we might try to make it up to him in some way when it is over. He should be our dearest, closest friend. But if the judge is severe we could not compensate him in any way."

"I think you must undertake to do the best you can for him," said Mrs. Crichton to Mr. Sargent.

"What I want you to do," interposed Barry, eagerly, "is first to get the judge to counsel Mark to plead not guilty. If the judge himself did so, Mark has promised me to give in. He says no one could believe that he spoke the truth about the will and the secret trust if he stood there with a lie in his lips; and you know we have nothing but his word that the will was made in his favour only. If we could only make the judge believe that! That would be an extenuating circumstance, I suppose."

"Do you believe it?" asked Mr. Sargent.

"Believe it!" echoed Barry, in a strong, sweet tone of confidence, "I know that what Mark says is true. I am as sure of it as I am that you are Mr. Sargent. You will plead well for Mark to-morrow before the judge? Have I not done him good by coming to you myself, and telling you all I know?"

"You have done him good, my dear," he answered, with an unmistakable smile now, "but you must not expect him to escape altogether. He has put himself within reach of the law, and the law will have satisfaction. But we will do our best to cut the claws of the savage old judge, and get him off with a year, or nine months or so, of simple imprisonment."

"I will not hinder you any longer," said Barry, trembling nervously again.

"You do not want to know who our mutual friend is?" said Mr. Sargent.

"I should like to know," she answered softly, "but I did not like to ask you."

"Mrs. Crichton will let you know by-and-bye," he said; "but go home now, and to sleep, like a good girl; and don't fret about this felon of a Mark Fletcher."

He took Barry's hand in a pleasant and friendly grasp, and himself conducted her and Mrs. Crichton to the carriage. As soon as he had turned away, Mrs. Crichton recounted the whole to Mr. Appleby, who exclaimed it was all right now; his client, he hoped, would be let off with as light a penalty as possible. Mark was awaiting impatiently for their return, and chafing at this long interruption of his last evening's enjoyment, when Barry ran in, her face radiant with gladness.

"I have done you good, Mark!" she cried. "I have told Mr. Sargent everything, and Mr. Appleby is sure you will not get the harder sentence. He is a good, kind old man, as old as my father."

"She has not even seen Mr. Sargent," observed Mrs. Crichton, quietly.

"Not seen Mr. Sargent!" exclaimed Barry, turning upon her in amazement.

"Neither seen him nor spoken a syllable to him," persisted Mrs. Crichton. "We drove straight to the judges' lodgings—one of them is my cousin, you know—and Barry has been pleading your cause before your judge, Mr. Fletcher."

"The judge!" cried Barry, turning pale at the very thought. "I should never have dared to speak a word to him, if I had known. How could you take me to him?"

"You have done the very best thing possible," said Mr. Appleby, triumphantly. "I will see Sargent before I sleep, and prime him for the defence. The judge will advise Mr. Fletcher to plead not guilty; all the facts will come before the public; and we shall get off with not more than a few months. You shall come with me, Mr. Fletcher."

FROM NUBIA DOWN THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPLEY.

CHAPTER XI.—STORY-TELLING.

"The tide of time flowed back with me,

And many a sheeny summer morn
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High walléd gardens, green and old;
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun al Raschid."

ARROPUS of justices' justice (for I believe more than half of Eastern stories harp on that theme), story-telling is a darling vice (or virtue if you will) with Easterns. Like opium-eating, or tobacco, it soothes the nerves and takes off the deadness of indolence. It is wonderful how much pleasure these people manage to get out of a trumpery tale. Impressionable and imaginative to a point we sober Westerns hardly understand, give them but an outline, they will fill up the picture with rose hues of their own. We sometimes got our dragoman to translate for us—for after sunset our sailors often snuggled together in the dusk on deck, got the hubble-bubble under way, and by the dewy glimmer of a lantern at the mast told most wonderful tales, actually growing pale with dread at times, as Abdallah or the Reis worked up to some terrible climax. We got these translated, I say, but rarely found any great point in them. Still there are many traditional stories well worth preserving. The following are tolerably characteristic of such as touch on the subject of our last chapter. You may fancy the story-teller, hemmed in by listeners, open-mouthed, bare-chested, turbaned, squatting about him in a shadowy Cairo street, or round a watch-fire under the starlight palms—which you will.*

"Once upon a time," begins this worthy, intoning and see-sawing, "there lived on the edge of the desert a sheik named Ben Achma. Now Ben Achma was a philosopher, a man who, gathering wisdom from every passing adversity, as a leech culls simples, had come at length to possess quite a hoard of it. He was still in the prime of manhood. His renown, however, had waxed so great, that even old men from the neighbouring tribes—distant far as the

* The first of these stories I heard some time ago by word of mouth. I have not traced its origin. The second is from the adventures of Hadji Baba.

sunset oasis—came to submit their quarrels to him and abide by his judgment. One day a caravan from Meshid encamped near his dwelling. Two Arabs, watering their camels at the well, discoursed about the wisdom of the Kadi of Meshid. 'He can repeat the Koran,' said one, 'from the Fattha to the end without dropping a point.' 'He cuts through deceit as with a knife,' said the other.

"Ben Achma, smoking his afternoon chibouque under the shadow of a palm, on hearing this, arose—"Tell me, O brother," said he, 'who is this wise man thou art so eager to praise?'

"What then, thou dolt!" replied the camel-driver, 'hast thou not heard of Haleel, Kadi of Meshid? Wallah! Even the Father of the Faithful himself is as a green tree before him!'

"Dolt," muttered the sheik to himself inwardly as he walked home musing. 'And yet I am called Ben Achma the wise!'

"Next morning Ben Achma saddled his horse and, disguised as a simple merchant, started for Meshid himself, to see and listen to the sage. As he journeyed an old man met him in the way, who said, 'My lord, I, like thyself, am travelling to the next town; but I am weary; I pray thee permit me to ride.' Ben Achma made a sign of assent, and the pilgrim jumped up behind. When they had come to the gates of Meshid, the sheik desired his companion to get down.

"Nay," said he, 'it is for thee to alight.'

"And wherefore?"

"To leave the horse with me."

"But," cried the sheik, 'thou knowest, rogue, that he is mine.'

"I know," said the old vagabond, 'that we are now in the city of the just Kadi, and that when he shall have set eyes on us two—thou with thy lusty limbs and brave looks, me with my trembling knees and feeble frame—he will decide in simple equity that the horse belongs to him who has most need of him.'

"If he decide contrary to that which is true and right," returned the sheik, 'he is not the just Kadi thou sayest. Nevertheless, I will profit by thy evil doing to judge of his equity. Let us plead before him.' The old man agreed, and both started for the court. They had to wait while two cases took precedence.

"The first of these bore upon a quarrel between a butcher and an oil merchant. Both men were in court standing before the Kadi; the one all grimy with oil, the other bespattered with blood. The butcher said, 'I went to buy oil at this knave's shop, and in order to pay him, I pulled out a handful of money, wherefrom to take a coin. The sight of the gold moved his lust, and he seized my hand, pretending I had robbed him. I kept it closed, however, notwithstanding that in presence of an officer he laid his claim. And here it is now.'

"The oil merchant deposed: 'This rascal came to buy oil, and when I had filled his bottle, "Gaffer," said he to me, "can you change me a gold piece?" I, not suspecting him, drew open my drawer, from which he (perceiving it to be full of money) clutched out a handful, and would have fled, but I detained him. The money is mine. I ask but for justice.'

"Leave the money here," said the Kadi, 'and come back to-morrow.'

"The second case was a disagreement between a labourer and a schoolmaster touching a woman. The

schoolmaster affirmed that the great hulking rustic now standing before their worships had run away with his, the plaintiff's, wife. To meet this, the labourer declared that the lady was his own especial property, married to him, in fact, for many a year. As to the woman, the subject of the dispute, she was mute to all questions—would answer not a word. And so, as in those lands they do not give certificates of marriages, it is obvious that the Kadi was in a difficult position between the two affirmatives. However, he commanded, 'Leave the woman there, and come back to-morrow.'

"And now it came to the turn of Ben Achma and the astute old pilgrim. 'My lord Kadi,' said the sheik, 'I was on my way to your city to buy merchandise, when this miscreant came up, and made an appeal to my charity. He craved permission to sit behind me on my horse, being weary with travel. In a moment of weakness, I assented, and now he wants to keep the horse—claims him, in fact, building upon the foregone conclusion, that your lordship will assign the beast to that man whose physical weakness stands most in need.'

"The Kadi ran his fingers through his beard, and scratched his head—tokens of great perplexity of mind. Nevertheless he ordered, 'Leave the horse, and come back to-morrow.'

"So the gold was taken by the Kadi, the woman given in charge to his servants, and the horse housed in his stable.

"Early on the morrow these several litigants came up to know the magistrate's decision. First, the oil merchant and the butcher made their obeisance.

"You affirm," said the Kadi to the former, 'that this butcher stole from your till the handful of money left in charge of the court. And yet when I placed those coins—which, as you say, you have fingered and handled—in a cup of water, I found no spot of oil arising therefrom to the surface, although, as is patent to all, your hands are saturated with grease. I therefore adjudge the money to the butcher, and thirty stripes to the oil merchant.'

"The disputed wife now came forward, and both schoolmaster and labourer made their obeisance to the court. 'Seeing,' said the Kadi, 'that these two men lay claim to one woman, and that neither of them can justify their claims, while the woman herself is mute on the matter, I thought fit to take cognisance of her capabilities; in which intent, I this morning directed her to clean out and arrange my inkhorn. She did so—adjusting the sponge, filling it with ink, and sorting the pens with an aptitude and dexterity of which, I am persuaded, no wife of a mere rustic would be capable. I adjudge her therefore to the schoolmaster. The labourer to receive thirty stripes.'

"Now came the turn of Ben Achma and the old pilgrim.

"Make these men follow me to the stables,' said the Kadi, suspending the audience a few minutes. 'I wish them to see my horses.'

"They were taken in separately, Ben Achma first. 'Pick out the horse you reclaim,' said his worship. 'I have him here,' said the sheik, walking up to a stall. 'Good: now return and bid the other man enter.' 'Do you recognise your property, my friend?' said the Kadi. 'My horse! yes: I should know him among a hundred,' replied the old villain. 'There he is.'

"The magistrate returned, took his place on the

divan, and forthwith adjudged the horse to Ben Achma, while the old man was condemned to suffer thirty lashes.

"May it please your lordship," said the sheik, making a profound obeisance, after the session was over, 'to explain to your servant wherefore, seeing that both of us recognised the beast, you have decided the case in your servant's favour?'

"Your adversary did of a truth recognise the horse," replied the magistrate, 'but the horse did not recognise him; whereas I noticed that on your approach even your walk was known.'

"Ben Achma bent down, kissed the just Kadi's robe, and started back to his village a humbler and a wiser man."

"My friends," says the story-teller, "I am about to relate to you another tale, a true history. In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdat a celebrated barber of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head and trim a beard blindfolded without drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion in Bagdat who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a Bey or an Agha.

"Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdat, and as this barber's shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting a ready sale. It happened one day that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country on his ass. Ali immediately offered a price, making use of these words, '*For all the wood that was upon the ass.*' The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money.

"You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber. 'I must have the pack-saddle' (which is chiefly made of wood) 'into the bargain; that was our agreement.'

"How!" said the other, in great amazement, 'who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible.'

"In short, after much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the Kadi, stating his griefs, but the Kadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter applied to a higher judge; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the Mufti himself, who, having pondered the question, said that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran. The wood-cutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when his highness went to the mosque in state. Haroun al Raschid's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called into his presence. When he approached the Caliph he kneeled and kissed the ground, and then placing his arms straight before him, his hand covered with the sleeve of his tunic and his feet close together, he awaited the decision.

"Friend," said the Caliph, 'the barber has

words on his side, you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words; the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood, but—' Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the Caliph whispered something in his ear, and sent him away quite satisfied."

Here the story-teller made a pause in his narrative, and holding out a tin cup said, "Now, my noble audience, if you will give me something I will tell you what the Caliph said to the wood-cutter."

The piasters coming in rather plentifully, "Well then," continued he, "the Caliph whispered to the wood-cutter what to do in order to get satisfaction from the barber. And what that was I will now relate.

"The woodcutter having made his obeisance, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might be shaved. The price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was.

"He is just standing without here," said the other, 'and he shall come in.'

"Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass in after him by the halter.

"This is my companion," said he, 'and you must shave him.'

"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; 'it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to shave your beast? Away with you, or I'll thrash you both;' and forthwith he drove them out of the shop.

"The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph.

"Tis well," said the Commander of the Faithful. "Bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," exclaimed he to his vizier; and in the course of ten minutes, the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the Caliph to the barber; 'was not that your agreement?'

"Ali kissed the ground and answered. 'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement, but who ever made a companion of an ass before, or who ever thought of treating it as a true believer?'

"You may say right," said the Caliph, 'but who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.'

"The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap to lather the beast from head to foot, and shave him in the presence of the Caliph and the whole court, while he was jeered and mocked by the taunts of all the laughing bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present, and all Bagdat resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the Commander of the Faithful."

At a country house one Christmas time I heard an Eastern traveller give the following as one of the stories he had jotted down.

Ibu Gazi woke up one fine morning with the muezzin's call ringing in his ears like a distant chime, "Arise and pray. Arise and pray! prayer is better than sleep."

"I have overslept myself," said Ibu. So he tumbled out of bed, rubbed his eyes, and stepped into his garden, when the sun was just peeping above the minarets of the neighbouring town. Ibu brought out his carpet, spread it carefully in the direction of Mecca, and said his prayers. When he had finished, and had saluted the angels to the right and left—for the sons of Islam believe that there are angels always standing by you when you pray—he shook his carpet from the dust and was going in.

"Ibu Gazi! Ibu Gazi!" cried out a neighbour, "where are your cabbages?" For Ibu was a market gardener, and grew plantains and cabbages, leeks and cucumbers, which he cut twice a week and took on his mule to the town for sale. He stopped, turned round, and looked to that corner of his garden where but yesterday a bed of flourishing cabbages grew. Alas! they were gone.

"Neighbour," said he, "this is a bad world and there are bad men in it. I have been robbed." And he took a handful of dust and threw it up in the air.

"Look you, the dew is hardly brushed away," rejoined the neighbour. "The thief cannot have gone far, let us trace him."

They walked through the fresh morning fields to the town, but without sighting the spoil. Through the streets to right and left they looked, and on to the market-place. Plenty of cabbages were there, two or three donkey-loads, in fact, but how hopeless a task to tell which, if any, were the stolen ones.

"How many had you in the bed?" asked the neighbour.

"Twenty-seven," said Ibu Gazi, "all well-grown, fat, and round, like what this merchant here has packed on his ass."

"Supposing we count this lot," said the neighbour.

"Wallah," shouted the merchant, from a doorstep hard by, where he was consoling himself with a dish of smoking kabobs. "What are you doing with those cabbages?"

"Thief," retorted Ibu Gazi, "they are my property. Thou hast stolen them. I have counted the pack, twenty-seven exactly, the number that I lost."

"You old dotard," cried the merchant, "do you jest at my beard? Take yourself away, or, by the prophet, I will make you kiss the dust."

"Softly, my friend," said the neighbour. "Softly; this is an affair of some moment. The worthy gardener before you has been robbed, you see, of twenty-seven cabbages, and lo! here are twenty-seven on your ass. How comes that? Show us the way to the Kadi. He shall judge."

So they adjourned to the court.

"My lord," said the accused, after each man had made his obeisance, "this loutish rustic professes to have lost twenty-seven cabbages, and he comes to market, and then because I happen to have the same number packed away on my ass—which I cut from my own bed this morning—he mocks at my turban and dubs me a thief."

"Brother," said the Kadi to Ibu Gazi, "how can you identify these greens as your own property?"

"Allah's peace be with your worship," said the other, "I swear by the prophet they are mine. They are the best in the market, and the number is true."

"Wallah! he has blackened my face for a fancy like that," interrupted the merchant. "Cannot I grow as good cabbages as he, and cut twenty-seven for market?"

"Show me one of them," said the Kadi. "Well, this is fresh cut."

"Your worship, I cut it this morning," replied the merchant, "and before daybreak, too. Here is the knife."

The Kadi was puzzled. At last he called a kawass. "Go," said he, "with this man's ass to Ibu Gazi's garden. There, if he says true, you will find twenty-seven stumps in the ground, newly cut. Look narrowly to the number, and fit on each of these cabbages to its own stalk. If they will not fit, return."

The merchant looked rather blue at this. It was noticed that he shuffled about to get near the door. But the Kadi invited him to tarry. He also kept Ibu Gazi and his neighbour. Other cases were called on, but before the court broke up, in walked the kawass, leading the donkey with its load of greens. "My lord," said the officer, "every cabbage fits as evenly on its stalk as the amber on the mouthpiece of your worship's chibouque. The man is a thief."

"Take your cabbages," said the Kadi to Ibu Gazi, "and the merchant shall receive twoscore lashes on his feet."

Sorrow under the Sun.

THE sun shone in on the staircase

As I went up to my room,
And a breeze came under the window
With a weight of warm perfume;
Without, there was nothing but gladness:
Within, there was only gloom!

The sun had found out my secret,
And looked down straight at me,
And I—I turned my head away,
For he looked reprovingly;
"I am sorry to see," he seemed to say,
With a saintly gravity.

And I cannot tell who told him,
But I know the wind well knew,
For he took up the scents he was going to leave
And went on his way anew,
And a little sweetness that stayed behind
Said, "I did not come for you."

So I went on up to my chamber—
My little white chamber of bliss;
A fly flew out as I opened the door,
And my heart was vexed at this—
That the very fly did not choose to stay
In the room with my naughtiness!

I sat down close to the window,
At the foot of the little white bed;
The fields were happy down below,
And the wide sky overhead,
And the trees a-tremble with joy between—
"It is quite too bad," I said.

I doubt if a fairer summer day
Came all the summer long;
The whole earth seemed like a mother's lap,
For a soul that had done no wrong;
But the sun was all too bright for me,
And the woodbine smell too strong.

I think I was almost angry
 With the roses pink and white,
 I had gathered out of the hedges
 In the cool walk over-night,
 Before this misery came to-day,
 To cloud each pleasant sight.

A single delicate line was left,
 And it floated far, far out;
 And the wind played games with the other end,
 And wafted it up and about;
 And I wanted the weak thread not to break,
 And watched it in fear and doubt.



So I moved the little stumpy jar
 From its window-sill away,
 And took its place myself, and leaned
 Out into the perfumed day:—
 As if I were fit to take the place
 Of anything good or gay!

I sat and thought of them all down-stairs,
 And how unkind they were;
 And the ancient angers of all my life
 Seemed all in my heart astir;
 And I blew with a breath from the window-ledge
 The spider's gossamer.

And I saw how fair the silver line
 Against the greenness showed—
 The heavy green of the garden trees
 That stretched half over the road:
 They seemed quite tired of their own great boughs,
 And bending under the load.

And my eye roved out like the spider's thread,
 Out into the landscape wide,
 And over the fields of low green corn,
 And down to the river-side;
 And I saw there were figures on the bridge,
 O'er the slow and weedy tide.

Yes, there were the father and mother,
And there were the sisters twain,
And there was Bertie with them, too,
And they seemed all happy again.
I saw their gladness with a pang,
And I fear it was more than pain.

It made me angry to see them,
(It was very wrong, I knew,)
And I watched them with a sore, sore heart,
As they wended the long lane through:
They were getting the small convolvulus,
That under the hedges grew.

And Bertie—oh! I saw him go
To Mamma with his nosegay wild,
And I knew by the way she held her head,
That she looked at him and smiled;
And I almost seemed to hear her voice,
With its cordial, "Thank you, child."

But I grew more sad than angry,
When they were gone out of sight,
When the winding lane had wound them in,
And hidden them from me quite;
Then a butterfly crossed the garden grass,
And I turned to watch its flight.

And by the time that butterfly
Had done with the great flower-bed,
A little genuine grief had come,
And turned into tears, and was shed.
"I cannot at all think Bertie right,
But I know I was wrong," I said.

I moved to the side of the window,
And looked toward the low hill's brow,
Where, under the narrow shadow,
Lay here and there a cow;
And I thought of a dear, dear dairy,
That is shut for always, now.

It is shut to me for always,
No entrance I now can claim!
And so, with the thought of her dairy,
The thought of Aunt Rhoda came;
And I went and got the little book
Which she wrote my name.

I go the little hymn-book, worn
With time and a tearful tide;
She had only written my Christian name,
"For Ellen," and nought beside
But the date—two years ago last March,
A month before she died.

And, between the hymns I whispered through,
And my thoughts of the counsels wise
That she gave us children now and then,
And that stayed in our memories,
I had quite forgot my naughtiness,
Till I chanced to lift my eyes:—

They were all coming up the garden path!
I snatched my garden hood,
And ran down-stairs, and in the sun
At the open door I stood;
And before I had time to think a thought,
"I am sorry," I said, "and good."

I went up again to my chamber
Thereafter a little while,
The sun at the staircase still looked in,
As if my grief to beguile:
"I am glad to see," he said to me;
And I answered with a smile!

And the little breeze, as I entered the room
He met me at the door—
"The stumpy vase holds much perfume,
But I have brought in more;
And each new odour that comes in here
Will be sweeter than that before."

The stumpy vase soon found its way
Back to the window-sill;
But Aunt Rhoda's little hymn-book
I keep in my pocket still;
And it may be under my pillow to-night—
I should not wonder it will!

B. B. B.

CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

It is probable that, with the exception of Hogarth, there has been no English painter whose works have been more thoroughly appreciated by the English people than have those of Clarkson Stanfield. This wide popularity has been due in part to the great and varied merit of the artist, coupled with his astonishing facility in the production of large scenic effects, and partly to the fact that the works of Stanfield have been more constantly before the public eye, and have been seen by greater numbers of the common people, than those of any other painter of celebrity. His scene-painting was unrivalled in breadth and brilliancy; it was a never-ending source of delight to crowds of spectators, and it doubtless had the effect of familiarising some of the multitudes pent up in crowded cities with the beauty and grandeur of nature. It is to be regretted that such productions, many of them of the very highest class, no longer exist, save in the memories of those who witnessed their display; but it is the destiny of the scene-painter to surprise and delight men for a time, and then to pass out of sight, and ere long out of remembrance also. Fortunately for the world, however, the scene-painting in which Stanfield excelled all others was but a kind of recurring episode in his long and industrious career. If whole roods of his scenic canvas have disappeared, hundreds of his far finer and more elaborate easel pictures remain to us, and will continue for centuries to come to testify as well to his real poetic faculty as to his masterly rendering of the truth of nature. For nearly forty years his works afforded one of the main attractions of the London seasonal exhibitions, the larger proportion of them making their appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy. Although the first of our marine painters, he by no means applied himself exclusively to marine subjects; in landscape under all its diversities, in the architecture of foreign cities, in scenes of battle and military exploits, he seemed equally at home; and whatever he undertook to do he invariably did well, without even a suspicion of feebleness or faltering. In a general way his works are remarkable for two things not too often found together—viz., solidity and firmness in execution, and a flood of purest daylight, calm and clear even to the farthest horizon.

Clarkson Stanfield was born near the close of the last century, at Sunderland. Like George Chambers, who, had his life been spared, would perhaps have equalled him in reputation, he began the world as a sailor, and from his profession he derived that familiarity with all the phases of storm and calm, and

that practical knowledge of nautical matters which characterise his works. Of his youth little is known beyond the fact that he had few educational advantages, and owed what knowledge he possessed to his own unaided efforts. He appears to have begun the pursuit of art as a profession under the auspices of the Society of British Artists, to which he was for many years attached. His first picture which drew public attention was the "Wreckers off Fort Ronge," exhibited at the British Institution in 1827. This was followed by "A Calm," at the Royal Academy in the same year. From about this time may be dated the commencement of his series of contributions to the Academy exhibitions, which continued almost without intermission down to the year of his death in 1867.

It was impossible that a genius like Stanfield's should remain in seclusion or neglect. His pencil, and the use he put it to, appealed too strongly to our island feeling not to be appreciated; and at the same time his power as a painter was so manifest and decided as fully to justify any amount of patronage. In 1830 he was despatched to Venice by the late Marquis of Lansdowne, the result of his visit being the series of large pictures of that city now in the banqueting-room at Bowood; which were followed by another series in 1834, painted for the Duchess of Sutherland at Trentham. Throughout his life he showed a partiality for foreign scenery and the architecture of foreign countries, so much more picturesque than that at home. He made frequent visits to France, Italy, and Holland, gathering materials wherever he went for the pictures which he afterwards elaborated in his studio; but he worked with no less zeal and liking upon subjects of a different kind, illustrating the exploits of our naval heroes. It would be vain in this place to attempt the catalogue of his various works; but we may mention a few of them which more than others have contributed to his reputation. In 1836, the year after his election as a member of the Royal Academy, he painted for the Senior United Service Club his large picture of the "Battle of Trafalgar;" in 1841 he produced his "Castle of Ischia," so well known through the medium of the fine engraving distributed by the Art Union; in 1844 he exhibited his "Day after the Wreck," a work which it were almost affectation to praise, so irresistible is its appeal to the sympathies. A grand work of an entirely different stamp was "The French Troops crossing the Magra," sent to the Royal Academy in 1847: people hardly looked for an attempt in this direction from an artist whose specialty was considered to be the sea and affairs pertaining to the sea—yet here was one of the stirring incidents of a campaign in which whole regiments were the actors represented with the same vigour, ease, and mastery which marked the rest of his works. It must have been about this period, or not much later (we cannot recall the exact date), that Stanfield produced the fine picture of "Tilbury Fort," a wood engraving of which adorns our present monthly Part. Perhaps he never produced the effect of water in motion—the dash, swirl, and conflict of the billows—with more decided success than in this instance. The picture, we recollect, was hung in the Academy so as nearly to rest on the ground, and so startling was the effect of the tumbling waves, that one's momentary instinct on approaching the canvas was to stand aside in order to escape a wetting. A still finer performance

than this, and one which made a profound impression on its appearance, was "The Abandoned"—a storm-tossed vessel stripped bare by tempest, deserted by her crew, and left to perish alone in the grasp of the relentless sea. Numerous and excellent as were Stanfield's productions, it may be said with perfect truth that if he had never painted "The Abandoned" he had never done himself full justice; in it he revealed another side of his nature, and showed us that his wondrous powers of observation and retention were allied to sympathies as profound; for "The Abandoned" is even more a poem than it is a painting, and will move the feelings of multitudes whom mere painting, however excellent, would fail to affect.

Among other great pictures of Stanfield's may be mentioned, "The Victory towed into Gibraltar," painted in 1853; "The Siege of St. Sebastian," painted in 1855; "The Capture of Smugglers on the Antrim Coast, Ireland," exhibited in 1861; "The Worm's Head," produced in 1864; and "The Bass Rock," in 1865.

It was observable with regard to Stanfield throughout the whole of his career, that, on the one hand, he never stood still, but constantly added to his capability as an artist—while, on the other hand, he never made any of those convulsive attempts at sensation which have marked the career of some of his contemporaries. It may safely be assumed of him that he had a rooted dislike of startling contrasts and fierce effects, inasmuch as he was never carried away by the love of such displays or seduced into imitating them. He found enough in the calm sunshine, the open unclouded aspect of nature, to satisfy him; he loved the "light of common day," and seemed to revel in its gladness. Perhaps there is no truer test of an artist's innate strength and self-resource, than the limiting him to the use of such materials as lie scattered around and within every man's reach: tried by this test, Stanfield would have come out more than victorious—in fact he would scarcely have been aware of the limitation. Another thing has to be recorded, in praise of his simple conscientiousness. Patrons of art know too well—and not a few of them have learned the lesson to their cost—that many a painter who is careful and painstaking enough when working to win a reputation, will cease to be careful when the reputation is won, and commissions begin to flow in; then, in the hurry to get rich, he is apt to scramble through his work, to shirk wearisome details, and to substitute trick and conventionalism for sedulous labour. Stanfield, from first to last, was never known to do anything of this kind. It may be said, that for the best part of his life every touch of his brush had a money value; but there never was a time when he yielded to temptations which so many have not been able to resist. It was the habit of his life to do his work thoroughly, as a true workman should, and he retained the habit to the end. The writer has seen nearly every painting in oils which Clarkson Stanfield ever exhibited, and he bears record to the fact that he cannot now call to mind a single instance of careless or hurried work.

GLOBE LIGHTNING.

A NARRATIVE appeared some time since, under the heading "Killed by a Meteor," in which the death

of a seaman on board the schooner *Urania* is ascribed to the fall of "a meteor resembling a ball of fire." "A seaman, named H. G. Sales," says the narrative, "was steering, and at 12:30 a.m., on Tuesday, the 18th, a meteor, like a ball of fire, fell immediately over the vessel's stern, and exploded with a loud report resembling that of a heavy piece of ordnance. Sparks of fire were scattered all about the decks, and the steersman was killed by the shock. The fire-ball," adds the account, "apparently travelled with the wind, which was from the south-west, and when it burst, the flash was so intensely brilliant that the steward, who was lying in his berth below, declared that he saw the bright light through the seams of the deck."

In reality, however, as a writer in the "Daily News" at the time remarked, the meteor which caused the poor fellow's death was not in any way connected with the class of objects to which shooting stars, aerolites, bolides, and fire-balls belong. In fact, the word meteor, though etymologically applicable to the object seen by the crew of the *Urania*, has become so thoroughly identified with shooting-stars and aerolites that it can hardly be properly made use of in describing the phenomenon. Sales met his death from lightning—but the lightning belonged to neither of the forms (forked and sheet) with which we are most familiar, but to the form denominated by Arago "globe-lightning." In preparing a notice on the subject of lightning for the "Annuaire" of the "Bureau des Longitudes," in 1837, he was led to notice, as a distinct class, lightnings or thunderbolts of a globular form, and also remarkable for the slowness of their movements. At that time he could cite but a small number of well-authenticated facts, but a few years later, when attention had been drawn to the subject, and inquiries prosecuted, "he was embarrassed," he says, "by the difficulty of selection amongst the numerous accounts which he had received."

Lightnings of the globular kind are often visible for several seconds; they move in a strange undulating manner; often appearing to avoid objects with which their course would, if unchanged, have brought them into contact; and at other times seeming to leave their course through the attraction of objects lying near it. They have even been known to rebound (in appearance) from the earth, to separate into several small globes, and to exhibit other singular phenomena. Several instances of the effects of globe-lightning resemble very closely those which are ascribed to the object which exploded near the *Urania*. In one case three men in the cross-trees of an American ship were knocked down, and two of them killed, by what is described as "a ball of fire, which struck on the top of the mast." The lightning-rod had been taken down a few days before for some repair. Arago records that on the 13th of July, 1798, the East India Company's ship the *Good Hope*, being in 35 deg. 40 min. S. latitude, and 44 deg. 20 min. E. longitude, "was struck by lightning of a globular form, which produced a most violent detonation, killed a sailor instantaneously, and seriously wounded another." Many similar instances might be cited.

No satisfactory explanation of the singular phenomenon of globe-lightning has yet been offered, though probably the account of the matter given by Sir John Herschel in his *Treatise on Meteorology* is very near the truth. He assimilates the phenomenon to cer-

tain appearances which attend the discharge of electricity under particular circumstances artificially brought about. It must not, however, be supposed that any doubt whatever rests on the strictly electrical nature of such events as the one by which the seaman Sales suddenly met his death. Everything in the appearance, as well as in the movements, of globe-lightnings, distinguishes them clearly from aerolites and shooting-stars. And, besides, it is well known that luminous electrical globes are a common attendant on volcanic eruptions. Sir William Hamilton relates that he and others repeatedly saw such globes during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1779. They issued from the thick cloud of ashes which overhung the volcano, and many of them were of considerable magnitude. "They burst in the air like the fireworks which are filled with what are called 'serpents.'" Similar appearances were observed, also, during the eruption of 1794.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

SIR JAMES CLARK ROSS.

THE compressed account of Antarctic voyages in the "Leisure Hour" (in the Part for January, and in a recent number), suggested to me the desire to complement it by adding a few particulars concerning the chief actor in these memorable scenes.

In recalling some of the incidents in the life of my lamented friend, James C. Ross, I can add nothing to the record of his fame, but I may have the sad satisfaction of strewing a few fresh flowers on his honoured grave. In this case I incline to adopt, as closely as I can, the chronological method. Yet I must begin with one of Sir John Ross's adventures in the Arctic seas. On the accounts arriving and being published from that quarter, his nephew writes:—

I have seen some accounts in the papers about Sir John Ross's pigeons. *If it be true*, it is a wonderful fact; but we should first know whether they may not have been dispatched from the *Felix* at no great distance from England, as the latest accounts from the Arctic regions state that she was on her way home.

If, however, she should not arrive in the course of next week, and the pigeons be identified as those which were taken out in the *Felix*, a most interesting fact will be established, and no doubt will remain, that Sir John Ross has gone into his winter quarters; and as he has not a sufficiency of provisions to last throughout the winter, I apprehend that he will rather have quartered himself and people on Capt. Austin's resources, and made his winter abode at Port Leopold, where a large store of provisions was left by me for the use of Sir John Franklin and party.

The fact of one of the pigeons having lost *its legs*, would seem to show that it has passed through a severe region (probably over the mountains of Greenland), or been severely frost-bitten. In those regions one often shoots birds that have thus lost their toes, and this seems a more probable way than having had them shot off.

Ever yours sincerely, in haste,



It may be gathered from this letter, and the pigeon

story being a *canard*, that Sir James Ross did not entertain a very high opinion of his uncle's veracity. In fact, Sir John, much of whose exploring reputation was acquired from the energetic services of his junior, and a good deal from Sabine's scientific observations,* was somewhat addicted to charlatanism. Apropos of which—he used to get upon deck with a card or scrap of paper in one hand and pencil in the other, and seemed to be sketching any remarkable icebergs or important lines of coast brought into view, depositing the memorials in his private desk, and never seeking any opinion about their correctness. But his competency was then undoubted, for he had, hanging over the fire or stove-place in his cabin, a fine drawing of Arctic scenery, purporting to be by his own pencil, and received as such. It unluckily happened in a storm one day, that this picture was thrown down, and Lieutenant Sabine, casually entering, picked it up, and laying it on the table with its face downward, he could not help contemplating an inscription on the back, which demonstrated that it was the production of a well-known artist. In the midst of his surprise the captain came in, and observing what had taken place, coolly remarked, "So you have found me out, have you?" This characteristic trait, I believe, can be relied on, as I had it from the mouth of the illustrious individual who, by his vast scientific attainments (throwing such light as we have on what may be called the inner soul of our mundane sphere), has raised himself to be the honoured top and crown of British science.

The connection of names in this strange story brings me naturally to the Southern Sea expedition, described, as stated, in the "Leisure Hour." And it is pleasing to be able to quote another letter from General Sabine, which demonstrates that the first conception of the Antarctic expedition originated with him.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg your acceptance of a copy of my memoir on the magnetic intensity of the earth, which will commence the forthcoming volume of the reports of the British Association.

You will perceive that I am in hopes of exciting the British Association, at their next meeting at Newcastle, to recommend to Government an Antarctic expedition. If your more attractive avocations give you leisure to cast your eye over my memoir, and its recommendations should appear to you as well deserving of notice as I confess they appear to myself, they may possibly have your good wishes, and the support of the "Literary Gazette."

Our friend Ainsworth† set off in high spirits. I hope to hear frequently of his progress and success in your columns.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD SABINE.

Tortugh House, Arundel,
June 21st, 1838.

At the ensuing meeting of the Association, Captain Sabine brought forward his proposition, which was cordially adopted, recommended to the Government, and carried into execution, in the Erebus and Terror, under the command of the experienced and intrepid James Ross and his most worthy and congenial friend and coadjutor, the ill-fated Crozier. From this severe and perilous expedition they were restored

with great honour to their native land, and, as was required by the country, Captain Ross was inducted into the almost as difficult undertaking, for a sailor, of "taking the pen instead of the marling-spike," to give an account of it. The proceedings thereon make an amusing variety: I will briefly narrate them. I had offered my services, as better acquainted with the mysteries of publication, and particularly Polar, for I had previously successfully negotiated the volume of Surgeon Fisher with Messrs. Longman. The following letters need little annotation:—

Whitgift Hall, Goole,
30th Nov., 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged by your kind note of the 18th, and for the trouble you have taken in inquiring about my publication. I have an offer from Mr. Murray of the same kind as that of Longmans' and Co.,—namely, sharing the profits.

I am so little conversant in these matters that I am not aware whether their offers or that of Mr. Bentley are the most advantageous, and am desirous of availing myself of your very kindly offered assistance in coming to a decision in the matter.

I have always heard of the difficulty of knowing the amount of profit, and been rather led to prefer money down.

Having spent the winter with his wife's parents in Yorkshire, Sir James, in the next letter, returns to the business nearer its central focus.

2, Elliot Place, Blackheath,
10th February, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am truly sorry, and indeed quite ashamed, that I have not made time to write to you respecting Mr. Bentley's proposition, after all the trouble you have so kindly taken about it, but getting into a house, unpacking and arranging, have made me sadly neglectful of all other matters since we returned from Wales.

Mr. Murray has offered so much more than Mr. Bentley (*down*) that I prefer accepting his offer to hazard the *share of profits*; and I had yesterday a visit here from Mr. Murray to select drawings for the illustrations, so that we may consider our agreement concluded.

If you have not yet got the Jerdan Island specimens from Mr. M'Cormick, I believe his address to be 2, Northumberland Court, Strand.

I have just got home my boxes of geological specimens, and if you want some fossil wood for Professor Johnston's friend I can now supply you; and where shall I send it?

Believe me to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Jas. C. Ross.

The allusions in the latter part need an explanation. Captain Waddell, in a trading vessel, had carried his spirit of enterprise much closer to the Antarctic Pole than any previous navigator, and published a volume on the subject. It was illustrated by a chart (now in the British Museum Library), in which one of the largest islands off Cape Horn was designated "Jerdan Island," and Captain M'Cormick had brought home some geological and natural history specimens from that quarter, which, however, the nominal suzerain of the territory never received. Captain Ross's own readiness to spread his collected treasures abroad was unbounded, and hence a proof in the last paragraph. But to return for a minute; it must not be misunderstood for a moment that there could be the shadow of a complaint against either of the publishers who yielded the prize to Mr. Murray. The latter simply outbid Mr. Bentley, and within a few days of my offer to Messrs. Longmans, I had, at the earliest possible period, the following decisive letter, leaving all free, from one of the partners:—

Paternoster Row, Nov. 13, 1843.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have had some conversation with my partners about Sir James Ross's Voyage to the South Pole. The

* General, then Lieutenant, Sabine, as his letter to me shows that he censured their commander as energetically as his companions. They were honourable officers and lovers of truth, and naturally recoiled from imaginary pretence and falsification. The public long ago decided the question.

† William Francis Ainsworth, the scientific associate of Col. Chesney in the expedition to the Euphrates. It is remarkable how much the great endowments and sterling works of this richly gifted gentleman have been confounded and obscured by the popular productions of his cousin, W. Harrison Ainsworth.

only terms on which we should be disposed to engage in it would, I fear, be such as would not offer sufficient inducement to Sir James.

If it were agreeable to him to publish on dividing profits, we should be most happy to do so.

Thanking you for your communications, believe me,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM LONGMAN.

Sir James Ross, with the frankness characteristic of a sailor, preferred *money down*. Mr. Longman's letter is equally characteristic of the prudent publisher, whose advances to an untried author rarely go beyond the offer of "dividing profits."

But the Antarctic voyage furnished other matters which stirred the indignation of my friend, as much as the dread of book-making alarmed him.

Aston House, Aylesbury,

27th August, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for sending me Enderby's letter; it has roused all the indignation I felt on reading that paragraph of Wilkes's book. He cannot pretend ignorance of Balleny's discoveries, for he has said that the land I sailed over was put on his chart as the Discovery of Balleny which he heard of at Sydney. These said mountains of his have disappeared from his published chart without any notice of the circumstance of our having passed over them. He has slunk out of it shamefully. The only vestige of their ever having been seen is that "Lieutenant Ringgold thought he could discern to the south-east something like distant mountains" (p. 291, vol. 2).

Upon this authority no doubt he put a range of mountains in his map, and no doubt on my authority he has removed them again.

If you purpose giving Enderby's letter a more extended circulation by putting it into the "Gazette," you might in a note say that when you have more leisure, and when the fresh account of the discovery of the same land appears, you will revert to the subject and put all straight.

The next number of D'Urville must contain the account and cannot be many days before it appears.

I am here alone (Lady Ross being with her parents in Yorkshire) trying to work out my book, but it is sad up-hill work. I'd rather go fifty voyages than write *one* book.

Ever yours faithfully,

JAS. C. ROSS.

Captain Wilkes (since more famous), of the U. S. navy, had published a history of his discoveries. In my humble literary department I had always shown a deep interest in the brave Polar adventurers, which will account for my having the confidence of such men as Enderby and Weddell.

On the foregoing topic I have but to note that Captain Wilkes's discoveries were soon after demonstrated to be mere moonshine, *en masse* and in detail. The Government of the United States, devoted as it is to the Monroe doctrine of annexation, have never yet entertained the notion of floating the striped and starry banner over any of his great Antarctic islands or continents.

Before I take my leave of Sir James Ross's naval career, I must subjoin a brief notice in relation to the lamented expedition, under Franklin and Crozier, to the Arctic regions, of which he wrote me on its outfit (February, 1845):—"They go in the Erebus and Terror, which returned from the arduous southern voyage in as perfect condition as they were when they sailed from Chatham. Their strength has been well tried." A small cloud first appeared over the hopefulness of this prospect. Only six months later, he informs me (in a letter from Crozier at the Whale Islands, 13th July) of the particulars of the "tedious passage out," which makes them late, "we must hope not too late to do much this season, but we cannot hope that they will accomplish as much as if they had been a month earlier." The mention of

other circumstances and speculations upon them are most interesting, but I can only find room for the conclusion, touching the unfavourable season. "The public expectation ought not to be raised. Should it prove eventually all we could wish, it will be so much the more thought of: and if otherwise, the want of success will not be altogether unexpected. With two such commanders we know that everything will be done that man can do. The event is in wiser hands than ours."

Of his increasing doubts, anxieties, and fears, as time wore on, and his beloved comrades became lost in a haze of Polar darkness, I shall offer no description. He undertook the voyage to seek and succour them, upon which one remark is well worthy to be remembered. If one of their principal exploring parties had happily proceeded in a different direction from that which they took, they would have found Ross to rescue and deliver them. But human destinies often depend on such so-called accidents! As a leader, and especially of such hazardous enterprises as occupied his life, I believe Ross could not be surpassed. He was an object of regard and esteem to all around him. His officers and men clung to him with grateful affection; and he knew and did his duty. I remember his once staggering me with the assertion, "I was always right!" *Jure divino*, thought I, but I said nothing; for I had committed myself by repeating some newspaper observation upon Wellington's obstinate character. "It would never do for a commander to be vacillating, or doing wrong," resumed my instructor. "I once ordered an important survey on a dangerous coast. The boatswain, or other like authority, warned me that the condition of the shore and water would not permit it to succeed. Unwarned, I went next morning with boats, etc., etc., and learnt that I might as well have remained on board. But I confessed to nothing, but to wait the flow of the tide to ascertain the depth and partly the course of the river we had seen from the vessels. It will not do for subordinates or crews to be doubting the capability and postponing confidence in their commanders. Wellington did not convoke councils of war! Nelson acted upon nobody's opinion but his own!"

And now I pause. I am so tempted to complete these tracings with a slight aid from personal biography, that I trust the illustration will be gratifying to every class of readers.

Soon after his return from the Antarctic, on a casual meeting, my congratulation was met, and was responded to, with better news. "Ho! I am just starting on another voyage of discovery, and quite another sort—without flocks, or bergs, or drifting fields of ice"—in short, the union with the fair lady of his constant affection took place. All its precedents combined to render it auspicious. A firm trust in faith of her gallant sailor had sustained his bride through every delay and sinister rumour of storms and wrecks. Hopefully abiding his return, the gentle Annie resisted all persuasion to listen to other voices, of which there was no fear of want in her eligible condition of life. They cast anchor at Aston Abbott House, on the edge of the fertile Vale of Aylesbury, a type of the English gentleman's rural residence—without pretence and with every comfort. I should lose myself in apparent hyperbole were I to attempt a description of this mundane elysium. All the past of toils, trials, and troubles, was absorbed in the riches of their present reward. An example of

more perfect conjugal felicity could not be imagined. There was only one wish, one will. Domestic affairs ran smoothly, and the supervision of the family afforded mutual pleasure. When friends of sea or land were invited to share the hospitalities of the house, the scene was made one round of social sympathies and enjoyment, by a host whose entire simplicity in conversation and manners was captivating, and a hostess whose only care was to render her guests as happy as possible.

What a contrast to those wintry regions, where the intrepid mariner had spent his weary time, far, far away from communion with all the rest of the living world! But, alas for human bliss! The solace and delight of Aston Abbots was taken away, and the blow struck with mortal force upon her devoted husband. The strong man sank. He never recovered the shock, and if ever the phrase "broken-hearted" could be, meaningly, applied to any human being, it was almost literally true of the bereaved James Ross. Yet he resolutely endeavoured to mitigate his affliction, and the following passages from a letter in May, 1861, will show how deep the struggle, and how manfully and Christianly he encountered it.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I am indeed grieved to hear of your bereavement (I had suffered a distressing loss), and truly sympathise with you in your deep affliction.

Mine is such a severe trial, and I feel how unfit I am to convey consolation to others; my spirit is *bent*, not broken, but will require much time to recover its elasticity.

I am going from home again, that home for so many years so happy, and now so desolate, for the purpose of repeating the magnetic survey of England which twenty years ago was first accomplished, and by the same five observers that will be engaged in determining the change of the magnetic elements.

I hope the occupation you have in view will have the same beneficial effect on your spirits, as I anticipate from severe occupation of the mental faculties during my cruise.

The children, I am thankful to say, are all well and happy as usual. Poor things! they little know the severe loss they have sustained in so devoted a mother.

For their sakes only I can desire to live and see them settled in life, and then the sooner I am called away to rejoin my beloved wife in a holier, happier state, the better.

I shall quote no further correspondence. The scientific employment failed to produce its hoped-for effect, and a single passage, a year later than the last, only indicates the gathering gloom. Speaking of an intended marriage (in my circle), he writes—

That carries the idea of anticipated happiness. May these expectations be fully realised. . . . Few could have enjoyed more of the married life than I, but, alas! how rudely interrupted! I must not now speak of my woe—all people have their own, from which, my dear friend, you have not been exempt. . . .

My task is finished. It relates to one whom, from his extraordinary labours in both hemispheres (planting his foot upon the Arctic, and penetrating within 160 miles of the Antarctic Pole), I esteemed "the noblest Roman" of all that illustrious band of explorers with whom I held intimate acquaintance, from Captain Parry to nearly the latest. With hardly an exception their conduct was heroic; and when Time shall wind up the mournful and glorious history of our Polar enterprise, I am convinced that no grander figure will stand in the foreground than that of my lamented friend Sir James Clark Ross.

Varieties.

PROTECTION OF SEA-BIRDS.—In the Isle of Man an Act of Parliament has been recently passed for the protection of sea-birds. It was promulgated on the 5th of July last, and has the signatures of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Bishop of the diocese, the Attorney-General, the Archdeacon, the two Deemsters, and the Speaker and members of the House of Keys in Tynwald assembled. After providing that the word "gull" shall include every species of the gull tribe as well as guillemot and cormorant, it enacts that any person taking or destroying any gull, or its nest, or eggs, shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding £5; that any person being in possession of any gull, its plumage, or egg, shall be deemed to have killed or taken it, and be fined accordingly, and that half of any penalty shall go to the informer, power of mitigation, suspension, or revision being left to the Governor; and this on the ground that the number of gulls has been seriously reduced, the birds having become very scarce where they formerly abounded, in consequence of their being destroyed for their plumage; that they are considered of great use in the herring fishery by indicating where the shoals of fish are; and that they are very useful in a sanitary point of view as scavengers.

[A similar Act is prepared for the United Kingdom. Multitudes of sea-fowl are wantonly destroyed by cockney sportsmen, and still larger quantities are now annually procured for the feather-trade of London, chiefly for ornaments of female head-dress. We hope the close season will be rigidly enforced by law.—Ed. L. H.]

The following "Plea for the Sea Birds" is from the pen of the Rev. Richard Wilton, Rector of Londesborough:—

Stay now thine hand!
Proclaim not man's dominion
Over God's works, by strewing rocks and sand
With sea-birds' blood-stained plumes and broken pinion.

Oh, stay thine hand!
Spend not thy days of leisure
In scattering death along the peaceful strand
For very wantonness, or pride, or pleasure.

For bird's sake, spare!
Leave it in happy motion
To wheel its easy circles through the air,
Or rest and rock upon the shining ocean.

For man's sake, spare!
Leave him this "thing of beauty,"
To glance and glide before him everywhere,
And throw a gleam on after days of duty.

For God's sake, spare!
He notes each sea-bird falling,
And in Creation's groans marks its sad share,
Its dying cry—for retribution calling.

Oh, stay thine hand!
Cease from this useless slaughter;
For though kind Nature from the rocks and sand
Washes the stains each day with briny water,

Yet on thine hand,
Raised against God's fair creature,
Beware lest there be found a crimson brand
Indelible by any force of Nature.

EMIGRATION IN THE YEAR 1868.—The number of emigrants who left the ports of the United Kingdom at which Government agents are stationed in the year 1868 was 192,344; from other ports, 3,977. Of these 196,321 emigrants, 58,268 were English, 14,954 Scotch, 64,961 Irish, and 51,956 foreigners, the origin of 6,182 not being distinguished. In 1867 the total number of emigrants was 195,953, including 88,622 Irish. In 1868, 155,532 sailed to the United States, of whom 57,662 were Irish; 21,058 to the North American colonies, 12,809 to the Australian colonies, and 6,922 to all other places. Out of the numbers bound for the United States 109,109 embarked at Liverpool, 25,624 embarked at Cork, 7,957 at Londonderry, 9,160 at Glasgow and Greenock, and 3,616 at London. Of those bound for the North American colonies, the greater part (15,532) embarked at Liverpool, while those bound for the Australian colonies embarked at English ports in the following proportions:—Liverpool, 2,749; London, 5,746; and Plymouth, 2,865. More than half the emigrants in 1868 are comprised under the following heads of occupation or condition:—General and agricultural

labourers, 50,515; children under 12 years of age, 33,416, of whom 8,096 were infants under one year of age; married women, 23,597; female domestic servants, 8,592; farmers, 7,258; miners and quarrymen, 8,500; gentlemen, professional men, and merchants, 7,171; carpenters, 2,553; tailors, 951; clerks, 790; smiths, 712; spinners and weavers, 381; seamen, 273; and coal miners, 289. Out of the total number of emigrants, 44,309 were married—viz., 20,712 males and 23,597 females; 107,468 were single adults, of whom 74,053 were males and 33,415 females. The excess in the number of emigrants in the year 1868, as compared with 1867, under certain occupations, was as follows:—314 agricultural labourers, gardeners, carters, etc.; 186 braziers, tinsmiths, whitesmiths, etc.; 223 bricklayers, etc.; 260 coal miners, 2,859 miners and quarrymen, 639 smiths, 159 male domestic servants, 187 engineers, and 55 printers. The number of female domestic servants who emigrated was nearly the same in each year. It is deserving of remark that to every 10,000 of population in 1868 in each division of the kingdom, 27·8 persons emigrated from England and Wales, 48·3 from Scotland, and 121·2 from Ireland. The returns show that the emigration of 1868 was smaller than in any of the four years 1863-66, but exceeded that of 1867 by about 360. Glancing at the nationality of the different classes, it is seen that there was an increase in the emigrants of 1868, as compared with those of 1867, of 2,774 English, 2,088 Scotch, and 20,763 foreigners, while among Irish emigrants there was a large decrease of 23,661.

BISHOP LONSDALE.—On one occasion he ordained a gentleman who had no University degree, and who had been promised ordination by his friend, Bishop Shirley, the former Archdeacon of Derby. His justification to an objector was this—"I ordained him on letters dimissory from heaven." On another occasion, when he had spoken on the importance of diligent painstaking preparation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said, "Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon, yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it." The bishop replied, "Ah, well, that agrees with what I hear from your people; for they hear the sermon, and *they also think nothing of it.*" The industry of the bishop was equal to his scholarship. When staying at his palace I was surprised on the first morning to find seventeen letters, written and directed for post, on his library table when we went into prayers, and all written before breakfast. He usually rose at six in the morning, generally answered every letter by return of post, and told me that if he once were a week in arrear of his correspondence he should never be able to recover it, as the letters he received from so extensive a diocese were very numerous. He worked hard as a student, he worked hard as a collegiate principal, and he worked hard as the bishop and chief pastor of a diocese.—*Rev. J. D. Massingham, of Warrington.*—(John Lonsdale, born 17th January, 1788, Bishop of Lichfield 1843, died 19th October, 1867.)

NAPOLEON'S LATEST BIOGRAPHY.—M. Lafray, in his history of the French Revolution, takes a less flattering estimate of the first Napoleon than usual with Frenchmen. "When we think of the wonderful instrument which Napoleon had in his hands, and the unworthy use he made of it so long and with so much impunity, our imagination is carried back to those magical powers which play so great a part in Eastern romance. So long as the hero is in possession of the talisman everything succeeds with him. The principles which all other men obey do not exist for him. Unheard of prodigies spring up without an effort beneath his hand. He knows neither good nor evil, and he laughs at impossibilities. He can sport at his pleasure with all that is just and sacred. For him madness is genius; improvidence, skill; iniquity, justice; and the more he tramples under foot the rules of wisdom, right, common sense, the greater and the more striking is his success. For him the very laws of nature are reversed. Men gaze with superstitious terror on the baleful splendour of the meteor. They are ready to deify this privileged, invulnerable mortal, whose astonishing fortune no folly, no crime can imperil. The moment comes, however, when the talisman is lost or is broken, and on the instant the god vanishes, and men have before their eyes only a poor madman; they ask each other if the chosen of destiny is not its victim, and the bewildered mind hesitates between horror and pity."

THE PEKING SENIOR WRANGLERSHIP.—At the last triennial literary examinations about 200 out of several thousand candidates gained the title "doctor," and their names will be inscribed on a monument to be erected in the Confucian temple in Peking. After the "pass examination" there is an examination for "honours." Those who pass high in the list all obtain what is equivalent to "Fellowships" in the Imperial Academy,

the celebrated Han-lin, Forest of Pencils. The first in the list is called the Chwang-yuen. The fortunate scholar who acquired this distinction is Hung-kiun, a native of Kiang-su province. He was a schoolmaster in a southern family resident in the Chinese city of Peking. His fortune is now made. He has a fat fellowship in the Han-lin, a good rank, has been invited to an imperial feast presided over by the President of the Board of Ceremonies, has gone to court to give thanks to the Emperor, and has had his name rapidly transmitted to all the eighteen provinces as the first scholar in the empire at the triennial examination. The last Chwang-yuen was, in 1865, a Mongol bannerman of Peking, son of Sai-shang, a well-known Chung-tang (prime minister). The fertile regions bordering on the Eastern Yang-tze-kiang, so abundant in cotton, silk, and rice, are equally noted for literary genius. Thus in the last twelve years three out of four Chwang-yuens have come from that part of China. An acquaintance of mine was near to getting this coveted distinction. He received some Christian books from me last autumn, and made a remark to the effect that the religion of Confucius also had a doctrine of death as well as of life, alluding to the quotation from the writings of that sage, "a man that has heard the true doctrine in the morning may die in the evening (without regret)." This man, a native of Shan-tung, was first in the pass examination at each trial, but on account of mistakes in writing two characters, he was lowered several steps, and his name not given in among the ten best scholars whose papers were presented to the Emperor for his selection. He stood eleventh. There is a story afloat about the Emperor's having behaved in an unusual manner on this occasion. He took the ten papers in a reverential manner, and muttered a prayer. Then he mixed them so as to confuse the order in which they were presented, and made the selection by chance, believing that he would be providentially guided. This is repeated as much to the credit of the imperial boy, now thirteen years old.—*Correspondent of English Independent.*

COMMUNICATION WITH IRELAND IN 1821.—George IV left the harbour of Dunleary, which then received the name of Kingstown, on Wednesday, the 5th of September; but, owing to contrary winds, the squadron was forced to put back again. "It sailed," says the "Annual Register," "on the Saturday following, and arrived at Milford Haven on Sunday, the 9th, where it was detained by contrary winds until Monday night. The squadron sailed next day (Tuesday) with intent to beat up the Channel to Portsmouth, and had reached to within thirty miles of the Land's End, when, from the boisterous state of the weather, it was obliged to put about and return to Milford Haven, where it arrived at four P.M. on Wednesday. At five next morning his Majesty landed amid the cheers of thousands of spectators." Thus, after having been eight days on the passage between the two islands, the King was obliged to post to London from the remotest point of Wales.

ROYALTY TO SINGERS.—A song is composed, but the best chance of making the public buy it is to get some favourite singer to take it under his or her wing and to sing it at several concerts. The song may be good or bad, but a first-rate singer can give a certain amount of attraction to even inferior music; and the public hearing it thus rendered, or the public merely seeing in the advertisements that a celebrated artist sings it, go instantly to buy it, and often the sales are very large indeed. These great singers expect that if they are to give the prestige of their names and the advantage of their voices to a song, they must be paid for it. They are generally paid by a small royalty on every copy of the song which is sold. But these small royalties amount to large sums on great sales. A royalty of sixpence on a song of which only 1,000 copies are sold amounts to £25; and these royalties, which the singers obtain over and above the sums paid to them for singing at a concert, generally mount up, if the song has any merit, to far more than the composer of the song receives. This in itself creates envy; but still more bitter feelings arise when great singers are seen patronising inferior productions, certain that their example is in itself sufficient to force a sale for them. Then, publishers are accused of getting up concerts where the songs in which they are themselves interested are, however poor, intermingled with classical music, and recommended to the public by the sweet voices of singers who earn the inevitable royalty on their sale. What is the cure for this system, by means of which heaps of bad music are foisted on the public? There is no cure for it but in giving the public thoroughly to understand the system. Let them understand that singers have a moneyed interest in singing particular songs, and that artists select these songs not merely for their artistic worth, but also for the royalties which will accrue from their sale.

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PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES.

The following PORTRAITS of distinguished individuals, drawn by the best Artists, chiefly from Photographs, and in most instances with Autographs accompanying, have been published in the LEISURE HOUR with brief Biographical Notices:—

	No.		No.		No.
G. B. AIRY, ESQ., F.R.S.	563	HANDEL	684	SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON	784
EDWARD IRVING	564, 567	JOSEPH STURGE	691	REV. JOHN KEBLE	783, 789
ALFRED TENNYSON	582, 583	SIR M. MONTEFIORE	693	ISAAC TAYLOR	797, 798
EARL RUSSELL	585	DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.	701	THOMAS HOOD	805
MR. GLADSTONE	588	ARMINIUS VAMBERY	712	M. BERRYER	810
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The Chair to be taken by the Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon; the Rev. Dr. Duff, Calcutta; the Rev. James Fleming, Vicar of Camden Church, Camberwell; the Rev. J. Muirhead, of China; Charles Reed, Esq., M.P.; and Mr. John Ashworth, Author of "Strange Tales," have consented to take part in the Meeting.

Sermons will be preached on behalf of the Society on SUNDAY EVENING, the 9th of May, at the Church of ST. MARY-LE-BOW, CHEAPSIDE, and at the Presbyterian Church, HIGHBURY NEW PARK.

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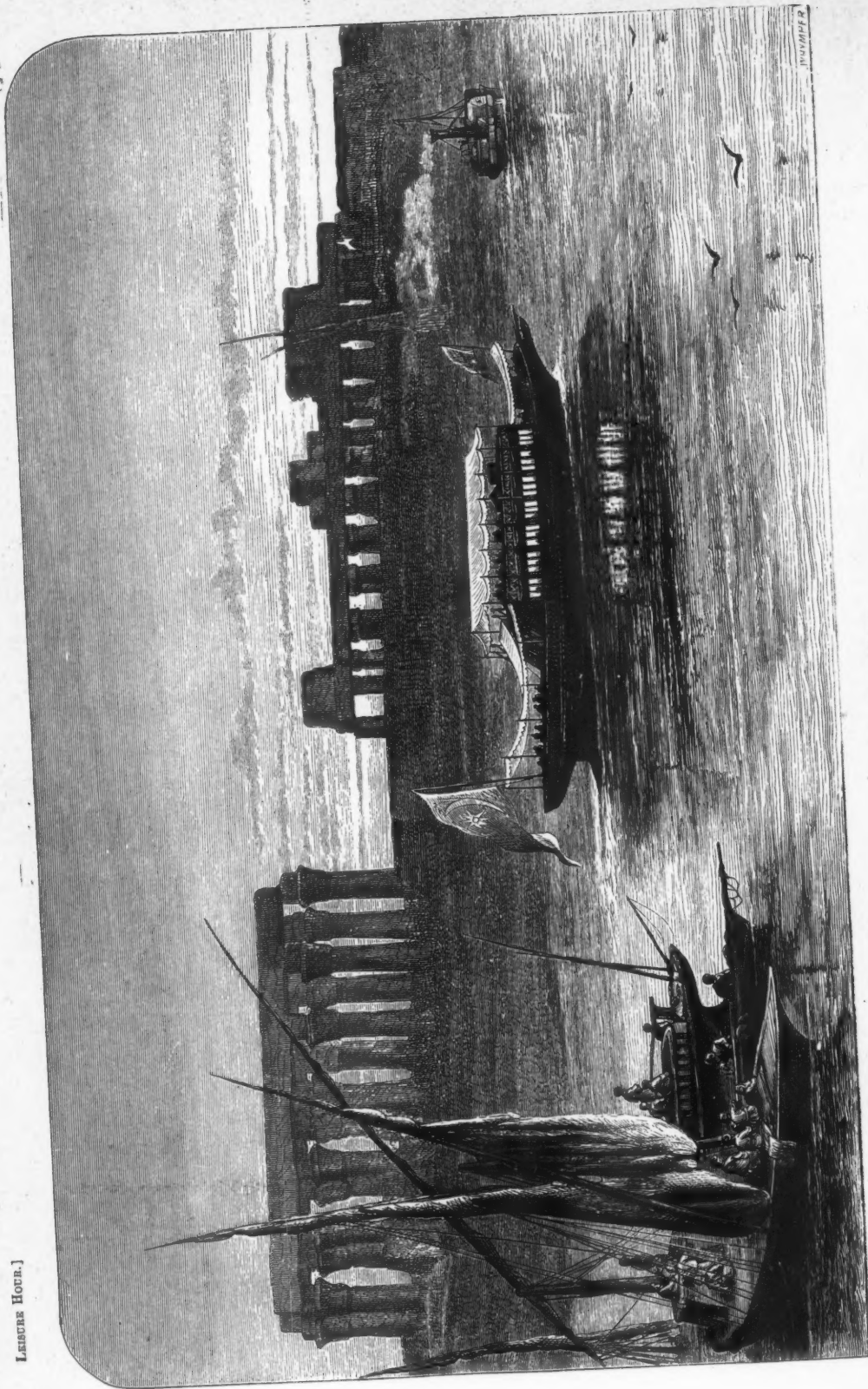
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